

Grant Lee Phillips, Cathain Legend

Bid goddess rise from mists of memory
Rise the fair Cathain
In battle the equal of every man
And every lover disdained
Her heart was locked in a roundtower's keep
And none that gate could unbar
Till rose a prince in Ulster's east
His name was Conchobar

By day she taught him feats of arms
With sword and mace and bow
By night they kindled passion's fire
That only lovers know
So king and warrior thus were joined
In battles blood and love
The throne belonged to Conchobar
To Cathain the Witch's Glove

Dark rivals rose against the king
To challenge for his throne
All Ulster in the balance hung
Without its champion
A druid he sent to sacrifice
An offering to Cathain
A maiden fair with flaxen hair
Not once but two times slain
Two times slain

Ooh ooh ooh

But Cathain she would never return
To fight the king's own war
Till druid did a virgin bring
To Conamara far
The fair Iona pure and sweet
On the self-same table lain
And by the Corclach's hungry stone
The innocent was slain

Hey hey hey
Hey hey hey

In rage the warrior goddess from
The Western Sea arose
Her bloody gauntlet dealt that day
A thousand fierce deathblows
The kingdom saved her quest complete
She sank beneath the waves
Till Ulster's sons with sacrifice
Bid her return once more